

The Prodigal Village

by Irving Bacheller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRVING MYERS

H. C. L.

Synopsis.—In the village of Bingville, a young man, Robert Emmett Moran, is the son of a poor widow, known as the "Shepherd of the Birds." His world is his mother and friends, his little room, the flower garden of Judge Crocker, and every living thing he sees from his window. The picture of his boyhood is in his eyes, and little Pauline Baker, small daughter of a neighbor, the object of his boyish affection. To him, J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, is the ideal of a really great man. The village has become "provincial." The butcher and baker and candlestick-maker all raise their prices. Even Hiram Blenkinsop, the town drunkard, wears hard frock coats and a new hat. Bingville is summarily fired. The first citizen builds an addition to his mansion and goes to the opera. Pauline Baker, victim of her surroundings, elopes with a stranger and her parents are unable to trace her.

CHAPTER THREE—Continued.

Indeed it was the tin soldier, who stood on his little pedestal looking out of the window, who first reminded Bob of the loneliness and discomfort of the cold. As a rule whenever the conscience of the boy was touched Mr. Blenkinsop had something to say. It was late in February and every one was complaining of the cold. Even the oldest inhabitants of Bingville could not recall so severe a winter. Many families were short of fuel. The homes of the working folk were insufficiently heated. Money in the hands of the rich was being hoarded, and the poor were suffering. The power could not be believed that its magic would fail to bring them what they needed. So they had been careless of their allowance of wood and coal. There were days when they had none and could get none at the yard. Some men with hundreds of dollars in the bank went out into the country at night and stole rails off the farmers' fences. The homes of these unfortunate people were ravaged by influenza and died. Prices at the stores mounted higher. Most of the gardens had been lying idle. The farmers had found it hard to get help. Some of the latter, indeed, had decided that they could make more by turning at Milton than by toiling in the fields, and with less effort. They left the boys and the women to do what they could with the crops. Naturally the latter were small. So the local sources of supply had little to offer and the demand upon the stores steadily increased. Certain of the merchants had been, in a way, spoiled by prosperity. They were rather indifferent to complaints and demands. Many of the storekeepers, irritated, doubtless, by overwork, had lost their former politeness. There were days when supplies failed to arrive. The railroad service had been bad enough in times of peace. Now, it was worse than ever.

Those who had plenty of money found it difficult to obtain a sufficient quantity of good food, Bingville being rather cut off from other centers of life by distance and a poor railroad. Some drove sixty miles to Hazelmead to do marketing for themselves and their neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing, however, in their luxurious apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York, knew little of these conditions until Mr. Bing came up late in March for a talk with the mill superintendent. Many of the sick and poor suffered extreme privation. Father O'Neill and the Reverend Otis Singleton of the Congregational church went among the people ministering to the sick, of whom there were many, and giving counsel to men and women who were unaccustomed to prosperity and ill-qualified wisely to enjoy it. One day, Father O'Neill saw the Widow Moran coming into town with a great bundle of fags on her back. "This looks a little like the old country," he remarked.

She stopped and swung her fags to the ground and announced: "It do that an' my God help us! It's hard times, Father. In spite of all the money, it's hard times. It looks like there ain't enough to go 'round—the shins be takin' so many things to the old country."

"How is my beloved Shepherd?" the good Father asked.

"Mother of God! The house is that cold, he's been layin' abed for a week an' Judge Crocker has been away on the circuit."

"Too bad!" said the priest. "I've been so busy with the sick and the dying and the dead I have hardly had time to think of you."

Against her protest he picked up the fags and carried them on his own back to her kitchen.

He found the Shepherd in a sweater sitting up in bed and knitting socks.

"How is my dear boy?" the good Father asked.

"Very sad," said the Shepherd. "I want to do something to help and my legs are useless."

"Courage!" Mr. Blenkinsop seemed to shout from his shelf at the window-side and just then he assumed a most valiant and determined look as he added: "Forward! march!"

Father O'Neill did what he could to help in that moment of peril by saying:

"Cheer up, boy. I'm going out to Dan Mull's this afternoon and I'll make him bring you a big load of wood. I'll have you at your work tomorrow. The spring will be coming soon and your flock will be back in the garden."

It was not easy to bring a smile to the face of the little Shepherd those days. A number of his friends had died and others were sick and he was helpless. Moreover, his mother had told him of the disappearance of Pauline and that her parents feared she was in great trouble. This had worried him, and the more because his mother had declared that the girl was probably worse than dead. He could not quite understand it and his happy spirit was clouded. The good Father cheered him with merry tales. Near the end of their talk the boy said:

"How is my dear boy?" the good Father asked.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Blenkinsop, for he knew very well that the boy was hiding his heart.

"Do you call that a lie?" the Shepherd asked as soon as the minister had gone.

"A little one! But in my opinion it don't count," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "You were thinking of those who need food more than you that turn it square around. I call it a golden lie—I do."

The minister had scarcely turned the corner of the street when he met Hiram Blenkinsop, who was shivering without an overcoat, the dog Christmas at his heels.

Mr. Singleton stopped him.

"Why, man! Haven't you an overcoat?" he asked.

"No, sir! It's hangin' on a peg in a pawnshop over in Hazelmead. It ain't doing the peg any good nor me neither."

"Well, sir, you come with me," said the minister. "It's about dinner time, anyway, and I guess you need lining as well as covering."

The drunkard looked into the face of the minister.

"Say it agin," he muttered.

"I wouldn't wonder if a little food would make you feel better," Mr. Singleton added.

"A little did you say?" Blenkinsop asked.

"Make it a lot—as much as you can accommodate."

"And do you mean that ye want me to go an' eat in yer house?"

"Yes, at my table—why not?"

"It couldn't be respectable, I don't want to be too particular, but a tramp must draw the line somewhere."

"I'll be on my best behavior. Come on," said the minister.

The two men hastened up the street followed by the dejected little yellow dog Christmas.

Mrs. Singleton and her daughter were out with a committee of the children's helpers and the minister was dining alone that day and, as usual, at one o'clock, that being the hour for dinner in the village of Bingville.

"Tell me about yourself," said the minister as they sat down at the table.

"Myself—did you say?" Hiram Blenkinsop asked as one of his feet crept

under his chair to conceal its disagreeable appearance, while his dog had partly hidden himself under a serving table where he seemed to be shivering with apprehension as he peered out, with raised hackles, at the stag's head over the mantel.

"Yes."

"I ain't got any Self, sir; it's all gone," said Blenkinsop, as he took a swallow of water.

"A man without any Self is a curious creature," the minister remarked. "I'm as empty as a woodpecker's hole in the winter time. The bird has flown. I belong to this 'ere dog. He's a poor dog. I'm all his got. If he had to pay a license on me I'd have to be killed. He's kind to me. He's the only friend I've got."

Hiram Blenkinsop riveted his attention upon an old warning-pan that hung by the fireplace. He hardly looked at the face of the minister.

"How did you come to lose your Self?" the latter asked.

"Married a bad woman and took to drink. A man's Self can stand cold an' hunger an' shipwreck an' loss of friends an' money an' any quantity of bad luck, take it as it comes, but a bad woman breaks the works in him an' stops his clock dead. Leastways, it done that to me!"

"The like an arrow in his liver," the minister quoted. "Mr. Blenkinsop, where do you stay nights?"

"I've a shake-down in the little loft over the old blacksmith shop on Water street. There are cracks in the gable, an' the snow an' the wind blows in, an' the place is dark an' smells coal gas an' horses' feet, but Christmas an' I snug up together an' manage to live through the winter. In hot weather we sleep under a tree in the 'graveyard' an' study astronomy. Sometimes I wish I was there for good."

"Wouldn't you like a bed in a comfortable house?"

"No. I couldn't take the dog there an' I'd have to give up like other folks."

"Would you like that a hardship?"

"Well, ye see, sir, if ye're layin' down ye ain't hungry. Then, too, I likes to dilly-dally in bed."

"What may that mean?" the minister asked.

"I likes to lay an' think an' build air castles."

"What kind of castles?"

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' often o' a time when I'll have a grand suit o' clothes, and a shiny silk tie on my head, an' a roll o' bills in my pocket, big enough to choke a dog, an' I'll be goin' back to the town where I was brought up an' I'll hire a team an' take my mother out for a ride. An' when we pass by, people will be sayin': 'That's Hiram Blenkinsop! Don't you remember him? Born on the top floor o' the old sash mill on the island. He's a mill-mill-mill an' a great man. He gives a thousand to the poor every day. Sure, he does!'"

Hiram Blenkinsop meets his Old Self.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FINEST OF EARTH'S CHURCHES

Men of Genius Through Many Centuries Aided in the Erection of St. Peter's at Rome.

The history of St. Peter's at Rome, one of the world's most interesting edifices, goes back over a thousand years, for it was on this spot, the site of Nero's circus, within walls ornate with gold and glistening with mosaic and marble, that Charlemagne received the crown of Imperial Rome from Pope Leo III, and here was slowly erected throughout subsequent centuries this building, called the central cathedral of Christendom. All that man could do to make St. Peter's grand and beautiful has been lavished upon this splendid church. Many, de Sade said of it, "C'est le seul travail de l'art sur notre terre actuelle qui ait le genre de grandeur qui caractérise les œuvres immédiates de la création." (It is the sole work of art on our earth which has the sort of nobleness that characterizes the works of nature.) Marion Crawford puts one's first impression of St. Peter's in a nutshell when she says, "The first sight of St. Peter's effects one as if one were in every day streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high."

While the interior decorations have been criticized as being too profuse and American tourists once referred to them as "too much gingerbread," that great roof covers the work of some of the most renowned sculptors of the world.

He Was Only Chastening Them. Many ingenious and audacious defenses have been made in New York criminal courts recently by the crooks who have been operating in the city, but surely the most amusing of all was that of the man who tried to steal four purses from a cage in Central park and protested when arrested by a park watchman that he was merely spanking the birds because they shouted, "Murder! Police! Help!"

The patrol speaker insisted that he thought some one was being assaulted and lunged gallantly to the rescue. Very this is a Munchausenian era, and if Oscar Wilde were alive he would be forced to rewrite his celebrated essay on "The Decay of Lying." Never have there been more gorgeous and picturesque lies abroad in the world than today.—New York Sun.

Had Use for the Umbrella. Ma, with a stern look on her face and a cane in her hand, was writing for Willie.

Ten o'clock struck, then 10:30, then 11, but no Willie came. Ma dozed in jerks and starts.

At last Willie came up the garden path, took off his shoes and softly opened the door.

Taking an umbrella from the hall stand, he fled up the stairs. But Ma heard, and came after him.

As she arrived Willie scrambled quickly between the sheets and opened the umbrella.

"William," Ma said, "what are you doing? Why have you brought that umbrella up to bed with you?"

"Ma," he said, "I thought there was going to be a storm."

Why, So Many Reformers? Reforming—all the world's a stage. Widower—Er—yes, but a widower doesn't often like to take an encore, thanks!—London Answers.

Too Experienced. Actress—All the world's a stage. Widower—Er—yes, but a widower doesn't often like to take an encore, thanks!—London Answers.

A writer says that there is a great deal of character in politics—but he doesn't specify which kind.

JEWELS THE MODE

Vogue for Ornaments Results in Use of Many Pieces.

Marked Demand for Novelty Decorations to Enhance the Beauty of American Women.

One might suppose that after the continued craze for the wearing of so much jewelry would be a reaction. But this reaction has not come. The vogue for a great deal of jewelry does not fit in with the present-day standards of dress, which are of the simplest. It would appear that the love of barbaric ornamentation of the cave woman must find expression today as it did long ago. Jewelry, both with the Parisienne and the American woman, becomes more and more elaborate and an increasing number of pieces are worn at one time.

The demand for novelties of all sorts as well as for jewelry still is great. It seems that no piece of jewelry can be too fantastic to find favor. The snake design still continues very fashionable. The newest snake bracelets are made of diamonds and colored enamel. It is considered smart to wear a set of snake ornaments consisting of a bracelet and a belt made of gold and enamel, or the belt may be made entirely of gold.

Beautiful necklaces also are shown in this same form composed entirely of diamonds with a huge diamond pendant suspended from the snake's mouth. The necklaces and bracelets are very flexible.

The ideas expended in purses are legion, not only in regard to the shape, the size and the material but the way in which different leathers and silks are put together. Flat envelopes are made almost like small writing cases. These may be of the softest of leathers completely covered with elaborate

silks and embroideries. Both sides of the purse are alike. Black and white combinations frequently are seen in this type of purse; that is, the case may be of white leather with a scroll embroidery in black satin, or of black embroidered in white.

SPRING FASHION NOTES

The newest riding habit has a fitted coat with flaring skirt. Motifs of dull wool embroidery appear on tricot dresses. Neckties of dull wool embroidery appear on tricot dresses. Neckties of dull wool embroidery appear on tricot dresses.

Simple Tailored Costume

This noble costume is a tall, of tan tunic, belted with a narrow strap of russet leather. No fuss and feathers, but graceful in line.



Short Silk Coat a Novelty

Light Weight Outer Garment Fashioned Either in Tuxedo or Brief Coat Style.

Short silk coats lined with charmeuse and fashioned either in tuxedo or brief coat style are a novelty. These coats belong in the category of bodices rather than of wraps, although they are worn over delicate blouses. Rarely, however, is the coat removed.

The sleeves may be set-in, raglan or kimono, according to the fabric employed and the length of the coat. One pretty model is of bright blue tulle. The coat just clears the hips and is cut in flaring box shape. It has the high collar characteristic of these modes, is lined with apricot charmeuse with the lining brought over as the outside facing instead of having the coat fabric turned in as the inner facing, and effecting a piping of the apricot against the blue.

A straight skirt of white viyella flamed with three-inch hem falling to within nine inches of the ground, and a blouse of heavy white crepe, de luxe, the simple tailored lines with inch-wide streamers of jade green velvet pendant from the base of the rather high V-neck complete this typical costume scheme.

The hat shown with this model was a short-backed poke in a rough bird's nest style of bright blue, trimmed with a dash of apricot ribbon that was tied in a huge floppy bow on one side. A similar costume for more mature

women—though maturity is dabbling recklessly this season into all color schemes—high collar faced with satin. Neckwear will be seen in such colors as rose, orange, henna and tomato. Spring coats boast scarfs of self-material finished with looped leather fringe.

ECONOMY TO HAVE MANY HATS

Summer Headgear Given Time to Rest Between Times Will Make Better Appearance.

One thing to remember in the summer, even more than in the winter, is that several hats worn successively give much better results than one hat worn until it is worn and then another one. For, if you give your hats time to rest between times, they look far better. Brush them and sometimes wipe them off with a damp cloth and you may get away dry them carefully, keeping the brim shaped either by flattening it down on a table or by rolling it to the proper curve with the fingers.

Household Hints.

Egg yolk warm water removes stains. Pastry requires a hot oven than any other food. Silk, not cotton, should be used when basting velvet. Mushrooms and tomatoes steamed together are delicious. Lining sewed on a soft rag will polish fireplace tiles. Better shades of printed beans are best for the sun parlor. Beans will take the place of meat for two meals each week. Canned pimentos combine well with canned pears for a salad. When making cherry salad add cherry juice to the mayonnaise.

Figs Stuffed With Cheese.

Mash some cream cheese, moisten with heavy cream and season highly with salt and cayenne pepper, then make into balls three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Wash and dry some figs, make an incision in each, and stuff with cheese balls. Serve as an accompaniment to dressed lettuce or any light dinner salad.

Win some Dresses for Girls

Taffeta Silk, Embroidered in Chenille or Metal Thread, Affords Frock That Is Admired.

Many dresses for girls are made of taffeta silk, which is usually embroidered in chenille or metal thread. The bodices are made in the fitted basque style and worn with full circular skirts. One navy blue taffeta dress is bordered with a deep design embroidered in antique gold thread and a carpet embroidery of French blue silk.

In another case the full skirt of a dress is suggested by a series of overlapping narrow circular flounces, the youthful effect of which is increased by an edging of a black taffeta frock of unusual interest is entirely covered with narrow strips of the silk picked in bright color looped up in puff designs at intervals down the length of the skirt. The sleeve finish carries out this effect, as it is slashed into

narrow strips that are caught under to make a puff.

A redingote black taffeta dress has a full tulle and semi-fitted bodice with a corded, unbelted waistline in a distinct downward curve at the back. The open front discloses an understress of deep cerise lace with parts of the design worked in pink.

Raisin Substitute.

A good substitute for raisins in fruit cake is one and one-half cupsful of dried apricots cooked in one cupful of thick sirup. Cook slowly; when the apples have taken up the sirup, cool. Add to any good dark cake recipe.

Word from Paris.

Hair bands are to be much in vogue this year. Buyers bring word from Paris that virtually all the evening gowns displayed have accompanying hair bands.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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If you have a mind to adorn your city or consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument of gentleness and justice and benevolence—Epictetus.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A delicious dumpling to use in chicken soup is prepared as follows:

Dumplings.—Take one cupful of melted chicken fat, two cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of flour, a pinch of nutmeg and a teaspoonful of salt. Heat the fat and milk; when boiling, add the flour and salt, cook until it leaves the bottom of the saucepan; cool and add the eggs one at a time, beating well between drops. Drop by spoonfuls into the boiling soup.

Honeycomb.—Take one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of sweet milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix as usual and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Sauce: Take one-half cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of butter, one cupful of cornstarch, one-half cupful of water; cook until thick; then add one pint of whipping cream.

Emergency Dish.—Put a cupful or more of roast beef through the meat chopper, add a small onion also ground through the chopper. Peel and grind four to six potatoes. Grease with sweet fat a deep granite or earthen baking dish, put in the potatoes, season well, add the meat and onion, cover and cook until nearly done, then add brown sauce. This makes a very appetizing dish and one which uses all bits of cold meat.

Shrimp Wiggle.—Take one can of shrimps, two cupfuls of milk, one-half can of peas, one tablespoonful of flour and seasoning. Make a cream sauce with the flour and milk, add the peas and shrimps cut in pieces. Bake in ramekins, using buttered crumbs to finish the top.

Cherry Salad.—Take a can of white cherries, seed and thirty marshmallows cut in quarters and one-fourth of a pound of almonds blanched and shredded. For the dressing use the yolks of two eggs, the cherry juice, a little lemon juice, flour and butter to thicken. Cook until smooth. Serve the salad well mixed with the dressing on head lettuce.

He that has character, need have no fear of his condition. Character will draw condition after it.—H. W. Beecher.

NICE DESSERTS.

Desserts which are easy to make, good to eat, pretty to look at and not expensive are very popular. Among these you will find some.

Graham Pudding.—Take one cupful of each of molasses and sweet milk, two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of slightly chopped raisins, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little warm water; mix and beat well and steam for two hours. Serve with the following sauce: One well-beaten egg, one cupful of powdered sugar, one cupful of whipped cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Grapefruit Pudding.—Four three and one-fourth cupfuls of boiling water over two cupfuls of grapefruit, then set aside to cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs with three-fourths of a cupful of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg; then add two cupfuls of nutmegs, one-half cupful of raisins and the same of dates, with a generous pinch of salt. Mix this with the grapefruit and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes or steam one hour. Serve with a lemon sauce or with whipped cream.

Trilby Cream.—Take one-pound box of marshmallows, one can of pineapple, one cupful of whipping cream. Cut the marshmallows into quarters and let them soak in some of the cream and pineapple juice. Cut the pineapple into small bits and drain. Beat the cream and when stiff stir in the drained marshmallows and pineapple, then add chopped walnuts or blanched almonds and cherries. Serve in sherbet cups and garnish the top with a maraschino cherry.

Damson Pudding.—Take one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of flour, one cupful of damson preserves, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of sour milk. Mix well and bake. Serve with a sauce prepared as follows: One cupful of apricots, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of vanilla, the whites of two eggs. Mix and cook all except the eggs for ten minutes, then fold in the beaten whites; flavor with vanilla and serve.

Expedient Unwise.

In ordinary life we use expediency as a compromise. The half-past policy rules. But there are deeper in our nature, and great unwritten laws. We are not always conscious of them ourselves. But now and again great decisions are forced upon us, great decisions which the force of life is swept away and then we discover the laws that recognize no expediency, that bid us dismiss Satan with contempt even though he offer us the kingdoms of the world for serving him. Temptation ceases when we reach this point, there nothing matters but truth and righteousness. All tyrannies are helpless here.—J. Morgan Gibson.

Our True Attitude.

Our true attitude is that of men who think of an immortal which is beyond ours. Today is a part of our inheritance. This life, which often seems so trivial and discouraging, is a part of the eternal life with God. We are to find its values by associating it with the durable and eternal things.—Zion's Herald.

Doing Things.

God made us to do things, and there is no tonic like that which comes from doing things worth while. A clear conscience and a clean life are far more to be desired than money. Real happiness without the achievement of some aim is unthinkable.

More Valuable Than Gold.

A good disposition is more "valuable than gold; for the latter is the gift of fortune, but the former is the dower of nature.—Addison.

The bachelor tax yielded the Montreal city treasury more than \$100,000 during the six months ending March 1.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. E. B. FLETCHER, D. D., Teacher of Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR MAY 15

WORKING WITH OTHERS.

LESSON TEXT—1 Cor. 12:4-7. GOLDEN TEXT—Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.—1 Cor. 12:27. REFERENCE MATERIAL—1 Kings 5:1-2; Neh. 2:1-2; 1:1-2. JUNIOR TOPIC—Helping One Another. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Team Work. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Co-operation or Competition.

This Scripture pictures the church, the body of Christ, under the figure of the human body. The topic "Working With Others" can only have application to Christians working with each other; for it is as members of the body of Christ that this relationship and obligation are set forth. The church is an organism, not merely an organization. As such it is:

1. One Body (vs. 12-20). As a body it has many members, each with a definite ministry or function. Many members are essential to a body or organism. So it is with the church. Each member has its own gift and office. The proof of this oneness is that by the sovereign act of the Holy Spirit all believers are constituted one body (v. 13). A multiplicity of organisms does not make a body, but a multiplicity of members with their separate functions. There is no room for jealousy or discontent among them (vs. 15, 16). It would be as reasonable for the foot to complain of its lot and refuse to function as a foot, as for one member of a church to envy the place of another. A deacon who is such by the appointment of God should not complain that he is not a minister. The church needs its foot-members, that is, those who are swift to run on its errands; it needs its members, who are quick to perceive opportunities for service; it needs its evangelists, who are quick to hear the call to duty; it needs its tongue-members, who can speak forth the message of truth; it needs its hand-members to perform its many deeds of kindness. Each member of the church has its own service to the sovereign will of God (v. 18). If his were realized there would be the most efficient co-operation among the members of the church. The pastor would faithfully do the work of a pastor; the minister, the work of a minister; the teacher, the work of a teacher, etc.

2. The Mutual Dependence of the Members of the Body (v. 21). They must co-operate for the life and service of the body. As the foot cannot dispense with the hand, the eye with the hand, etc., so in the church, even the most highly gifted are dependent upon those of the lower order. Self-conceit and pride are as much out of place on the part of the highest in ability as of the lowest. In fact, a sober realization of this will do away with selfish pride.

3. The Least Attractive Members Are the Most Necessary (vs. 22, 23). In the human body the least is of more vital importance than the tongue. So in the church prayer is of more importance than the gift of eloquence. Many examples could be given of those who wrestled with God in the closet, doing more for the cause of Christ than those who showed forth most conspicuously in the public eye. The lungs are never seen or heard, yet without them the tongue could not utter a sound.

4. The Different Members Have Been Adjusted by God (vs. 24, 25). So perfectly has this been done that there will be harmony in the body. All schism in the church is due to failure of one member to perform its duty because of envy of the position of another. By considering Christ the head and obeying Him all strife and division in the church will be eliminated.

5. Members Are Sympathetically Related (vs. 25-27). One member should have the same care for the other as for itself. The eye has the same concern for the foot as it has for itself; so the most eloquent has the same solicitude for the humblest member as for itself. This is true because the suffering of the one is the suffering of the other; the honor of the one is the honor of the other; the sorrow of the one is the sorrow of the other; the property of the one is the property of the other; the shame and disgrace of the one is the shame and disgrace of the other. This is true because there is a common life which is derived from and directed by its head, Jesus Christ (Eph. 5:23).

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THIS WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

Brings a Ray of Hope to Childless Women

Lowell, Mass.—"I had anemia from the time I was sixteen years old and was very irregular. If I did any housecleaning or washing I would faint and have to be put to bed, my husband thinking every minute was my last. After reading your text-book for women, I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Sanative Food and in a few days I was able to get on my feet. I have not had a day since then when I have not felt better than I have for the last two years. I can work, sleep, and feel as strong as I can. Doctors told me I could never have children—I was too weak—but after taking Vegetable Compound it strengthened me so I gave birth to an eight-pound boy. I was well all the time and all my work up to the last day, and had a natural birth. Everybody who knew me was surprised, and when they ask me what made me strong I tell them of your great pleasure. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never felt better in my life. Use this text-book at once.—Mrs. Elizabeth Smart, 142 W. Sixth St., Lowell, Mass. This experience of Mrs. Smart is surely a strong recommendation for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is only one of a great many similar cases.

A True Conservative.

Will H. Brown of the Marmon company was in Cincinnati last week, and while there tried to lend a helping hand to the local distributor in closing sales. Brown's gently convincing psychology was called into play several times, but he ran into one "specter" that was a bit hard to convince. "You see it's like this," said the prospective buyer, a man well up in his sixties. "My sister-in-law is sick. If she lives we want a seven-passenger car. If she dies we can get along with a five. I wait.—Indianapolis News.

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress as she hung the snowy wash on the line. It was a "happy day" because she used Red Cross Ball Blue.

The Record.

Howell—Last night was the hottest night yet.

Powell—No, for me; the hottest night for me was when my wife discovered that my pay had been raised and I hadn't told her of it.—New York Sun.

Depends on Where It Is Applied.

Blimp—Beauty is only skin deep. Chump—Stupid is that isn't the beauty about a sausage.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing headache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells, and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

An Indiana Case

Chas. Petty, 117 First St., Evansville, Ind., says: "I got down with kidney trouble and my back ached all the time. I couldn't sleep at night and was in constant misery. The kidney secretions passed every few minutes and I was forced to get up and urinate. I doctored but got no relief. I used Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy helped me right away and my kidneys haven't troubled me since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.